

# ATLANTIC MOONLIGHT

By STEPHEN MOREHOUSE  
AVERY

He wanted to marry money,  
and this girl was very rich.

Los Angeles Times Sunday Magazine July 15, 1928



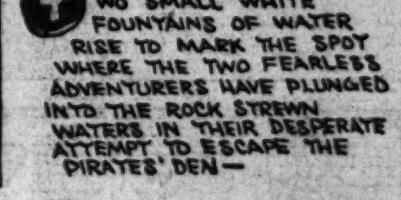
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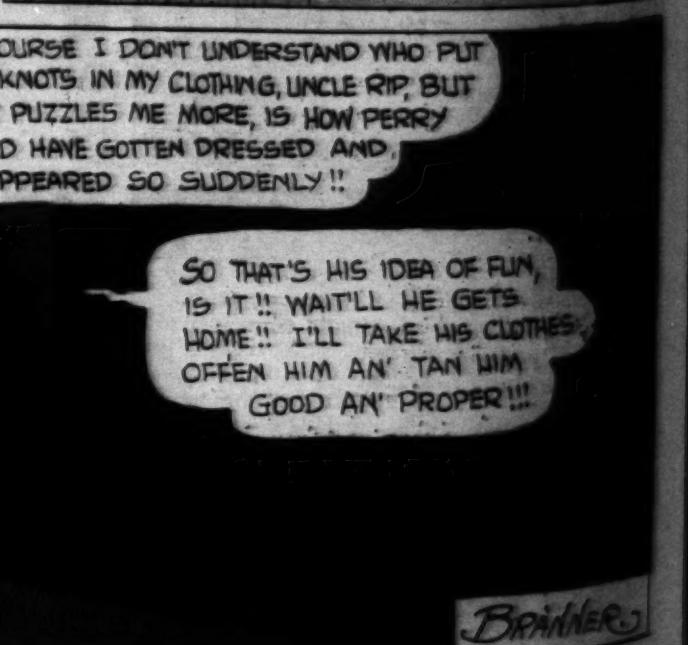
# Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 15, 1928.



HUMOR Fun for the Young  
Smiles for Their Elders





I'VE ASKED Y THOUSAND TIME THE PLANTS SCREEN DOORS OTHER LITTLE COULD DO - BUT YOU MUST READ YOU CERTAINLY GREAT HELP A HERE - A BIG H YOU ARE - OH

GOSH I FEEL I DON'T KNOW FELT BETTE A GOOD SCOUT GOING TO BE HER..... I'M G APOLOGIZE FOR SO ROUGH WITH LAST EVENIN' BLESS HER-HE

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ANYWAY?

YOU DIDN'T EAT ICE CREAM AS I TOLD A NICE M



# Mr. and Mrs. -

By Briggs

I'VE ASKED YOU SIXTEEN THOUSAND TIMES TO WATER THE PLANTS, FIX THE FRONT SCREEN DOOR AND A DOZEN OTHER LITTLE JOBS YOU COULD DO - BUT NO - NO YOU MUST READ PAPERS - YOU CERTAINLY ARE A GREAT HELP AROUND HERE - A BIG HELP - YOU ARE - OH YES

GOSH I FEEL GRAND - I DON'T KNOW WHEN I'VE FELT BETTER.....VI IS A GOOD SCOUT AND I'M GOING TO BE NICER TO HER..... I'M GOING TO APOLOGIZE FOR BEING SO ROUGH WITH HER LAST EVENING - BLESS HER HEART.

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU ANYWAY?

H-HEY!! WHERE DID THAT DOG COME FROM! COME BACK HERE WITH THEM CLO'ES YOU MUT!!

YOU DIDN'T EMPTY THE ICE PAN AS I ASKED YOU TO - A NICE MESS -

WIRE WILL NOT D!!

PUT BUT TRY

A OF FUN, HE GETS HIS CLOTHES TAN HIM ROPER!!!

WELL DOGGONIT YOU COME WITH ME - I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING WHILE WE'RE IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

LEAKING RIGHT THROUGH

THAT PICTURE YOU HUNG YESTERDAY WITH A ROTTEN STRING -

LISTEN VI - I

NEVER THOUGHT IT

NECESSARY TO BE

CALLING YOUR ATTENTION

TO IT - I SUPPOSED

WIVES LOOKED

AFTER THOSE

THINGS WITHOUT

HAVING TO BE

TOLD! MY STARS!

IT'S COME TO A

Pretty Pass -

I'M NOT THE ONLY

ONE AROUND HERE -

AND SO, FAR FAR

INTO THE NIGHT -

Briggs

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1928

# Reg'lar Fellers

by Gene Byrnes





LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, JULY 15, 1928

The Journal



Another Page in This Series Next Sunday. Save Them! They Will be Valuable in Your School Work, as Well as for Home Study



you share this page each week you will have a complete history of man.



Chapter 13—The Story of Attorney and Clergyman

HIGH LIGHTS OF HISTORY



THIS DIALOGUE  
IS DESIGNED AN  
EXCISENT EGYPTIAN  
SONG WHERE A  
FORGOTTEN PHARAOH  
IS SURNED WITH  
A VAST TREASURE.



2 M  
WAITING FOR  
**JIMMIE!**  
HE WAS TO BE  
RIGHT BACK AND  
HE'S BEEN GONE  
FOR OVER AN  
HOUR!

### See Article Below on What T.J.C. Branch Clubs Are Doing!

#### SEEK UNCROWNED SOUTHLAND HEROES

STORIES WANTED OF BOYS AND GIRLS WHO TRIUMPHED OVER OBSTACLES

BY AUNT DOLLY

I once heard an old sailor remark: "Ten ships could sink and 100 men find a watery grave, and I'll wager you the thick end of a rope, that only a handful of people would grieve."

I shall remember him for many years. He was a swarthy man, flannel-shirted, smelling of the briny deep, and his eyes were small as burnt holes in a blanket. When this conversation took place, we were sitting in a "chowder house" on Fisherman's Wharf, and although he spoke sparingly at long intervals, I could see this rough see-dog knew life.

"It's funny," he continued, "how busy this world is. It never notices anything. Joy, sorrow, death, make but a pin-prick impression upon us. Yet I think we are missing something when we fail to dig into the unusual, interesting things of life."

This dark-skinned tar spoke the truth. We don't seem to care a whoop or a fragment of a whoop for even national disaster or success. We read a ten-point head, and if 500 lives are lost in a mine, we raise our brows and say "Too bad. Somebody botched things. Now let me see, where shall we have dinner." And so it goes, the endless personal quest, the day that is reserved for self and selfishness.

So far we have proved this fact when launching contests. We threw our gauntlet into the face of the world, with an appeal for human, blood-stirring stories of deserving youth. We are striving to shove to the front the forlorn, discouraged hero who has conquered his problem with a grin. It is not the over-brilliant prodigy that holds our interest, rather Timothy Jones—perhaps the boy you look at each morning, sweeping out the corner grocery store.

A hasty glance might disclose the fact that Tim was a spare, bony boy, seldom smiling but working hard. "No story there," you say. "Romance does not stalk beside a broom; there is no fight, no hero in this quiet unassuming boy who goes to bed at 11 and rises at 5."

I knew such a case in San Francisco, and the paleness of the boy's face, the shadows beneath his eyes made me question him one day. I found his father was dead, his mother making \$18 a week in a laundry. There were five other brothers and sisters, and Tim was thoroughly determined they should have an education, so he worked ceaselessly, without comment, for over six long years. They were odd jobs to be sure, an early paper route, mixing stains, sweeping out stores, cleaning cellars, washing windows, clipping lawns. In one day Tim would do as many as four dif-

(Continued on Page 7)



#### WHAT BRANCH CLUBS ARE DOING

Morenci, Ariz., is preparing for a big shoo-bang in the fall. "Watch Our Dust" is going to be their favorite slogan.

Larose (La.) invites them to outdo them in spirit, membership, activity. Fun is brewing!

Whittier is to have a whiz-bang branch conducted by Madeline Todd. Things will be humming in no time at all.

Ruth Jenkins is bubbling with enthusiasm. She has founded and conducted our Santa Ana chapter.

"The California Arrows" have come to life through the efforts of Simon Kvitzkey, who has established a T.J.C. branch on North Soto street. Anna Mae Smith is stirring up a lot of fun in Needles.

Pansy Darling promises to turn Parker Canyon, Ariz., upside down when her branch starts up full blast.

Betty Binkley, Bob Depew and Bert Le Croy are handling our Eagle Rock division. Talk about pep! Whoopie, cowboy! Our red and white surely rules in Eagle Rock.

Norman Aitken, Warren Bennett, Patty and Pauline Armstrong have gone over the top with flags flying. Their Riverside branch is 100 percent solid.

Marjorie Biggs is conducting a red-hot campaign in Redlands.

Clara Hannaford of Los Angeles has started the ball rolling like old sixty.

Martha Voris, Rancho Santa Fe, says her work will be a life-saver this summer. We expect great things of Martha.

Adelaide Walters, Santa Barbara, is a regular fire-eater when it comes to organizing. Look out Larose, you may not hold your cup for long!

Ione Catherine Clemmer in Anaheim has done some splendid work. Keep it up Ione, we're cheering for you!

Eugene Kelly, Long Beach, live-wire, has decked the town with red and white. We're for you Eugene; keep up your good work!

Geraldine Schrot has a cracker-jack branch in New Orleans, La. Things are humming in the sunny South.

We could print ten pages of backer news, but must hold ourselves down to a minimum space.

so each week you will find more branches listed. Perhaps your name will be jutting out of this column next Sunday.

If you live in a town that lacks a representative, please write in at once, and we will see that one is appointed. Or even if you are in Los Angeles, and your district is not crimson and white, perhaps you would wish to line up as a loyal backer of the T.J.C.



#### OUR CORNER BOOKSHELF

##### THE SECRET GARDEN

By Frances Hodgson Burnett  
Reviewed by Mellor Harishorn, Pasadena

"The Secret Garden" is a sweet, simple story of a little boy who thought there was nothing to live for, and was suddenly brought to the point of realizing that he was not the only person whose desires were to be answered by Mary Lennox, who was as spoiled as her sick little cousin. "The Secret Garden" is the means of bringing a strong, healthy childhood to Mary and her cousin, Colin, and is also the way in which the two children warm the heart of Mr. Archibald Craven, the lord of Misselthwaite Manor. Dickson, a lad of the moor, teaches Mary and Colin a love of the great out-of-doors world. In every chapter there is some choice paragraph such as this:

"And over walls and earth and trees and swinging sprays and tendrils the fair green veil of tender little leaves had crept, and in the grass under the trees and the gray urns in the alcoves and here and there everywhere were touches or splashes of gold and purple and white and the trees were showing pink and snow above them and there were fluttering of wings and faint sweet pipes and humming and scents and scents. And the sun fell warm upon their faces like a hand with a lovely touch."

Is it any wonder that "The Secret Garden" is a child's best friend and that every year there comes a longing to usher in the spring with these dear Bookland playmats. Frances Hodgson Burnett has caught the charm of happy childhood in the pages of her book, and having read "The Secret Garden" once, you will go back again and again to taste its delightful illusiveness.

##### CALIFORNIA, ITS ROMANCE AND HISTORY

By John Steven McGroarty  
Reviewed by Virginia Fenn, Los Angeles

A "Land of Heart's Desire" has been the dream of poets and the prophecy of seers throughout untold ages. John Steven McGroarty says that California is the realization of that dream and the fulfillment of the prophecy, and after reading his book, "California, Its History and Romance," I felt that it surely is. To those for whom history has always held a fascination, this book will be a treasure chest, but even the most ardent hater of historians, history-teachers, and history in general could not fail to be thrilled, to say the least, if he would read this romantic, charming and most unhistorical-like history of the land of sunshine and flowers.

Beginning with its discovery by Cabrillo in 1542, McGroarty dramatically and interestingly relates the story of the "Five Miracles" of California's romantic history; the building of the Franciscan missions in an uncivilized land; the building of the Central Pacific Railroad across the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the reclamation of the deserts by irrigation; the rebuilding of the city of San Francisco in three years after its destruction by earthquake and fire in 1906, and the Owens River Aqueduct.

His narration makes the reader live through the years gone by in the Spanish and Mexican eras and in the days of '49, and the exciting scenes of the American conquest seem almost unbelievably real. The vivid, clear descriptions of California as it is today add to the enjoyment of the reader and enable him to make interesting comparisons of past and present conditions in California.

So much of romance and story is introduced into this tale of the de-

(Continued on Page 7)



By Violet Komar, Hollywood  
THE FAIRY'S GARDEN  
Did you ever see a fairy's garden?  
Where all your wishes grow?  
If you make them very good,  
They'll come true, you know.

If you use Truth, Love and Courage,  
In all your wishes today,  
It won't be very long till you  
hear the fairies say:

"My, isn't this a splendid wish  
So very bright and strong,  
It isn't withered one tiny bit,  
Let's see where it belongs."

Of course you know fairies,  
And your wish will surely come  
true,  
If you use truth, love and courage,  
In whatever thing you may do.

##### THE SOURDOUGH

By Verne Cottle, Los Angeles  
When I entered the room, he closed his book,  
Rising he smiled at me,  
His weather-bronzed face was wreathed in smiles,  
Smiles that were great to see.

When I told him my mission, he looked at the floor,  
His eyes had a far-away look,  
Sitting back in his chair he lit a cob pipe,  
"Here's my past; it reads like a book."

"I've tasted of life in many climes,  
I've watched them come and go,  
For I am one of the oldest school,  
School of the Sourdough.

"I've mashed my dogs, o'er Chilkoot Pass,  
I've crossed o'er oceans wide,  
I've lived in the darkest of Africa  
Where bushmen were wont to hide.

"I've ridden the plains of Texas,  
I've trapped with a French Canuck,  
I've been chased by wolves in Siberia,  
At Monte Carlo I tried my luck.

"I've mined for diamonds at Cape Horn,  
I've panned for gold at Nome,  
I hit my color; I made my stake,  
And now I've come back home."

His eyelids lowered; he leaned in his chair;  
His eyes had that far-away look.  
I gathered my paraphernalia up  
And tip-toed out of his nook.

##### BACK TO THE OLD GRIND



**ANIMAL LAND BOOGIE****ANIMAL LAND QUIZ**

By Louis Berthell

Freddie Mole is out gunning for the fellow who deliberately tramped in his new runway through Farmer Head's recently planted bluegrass lawn. Freddie says that it is a pretty out that a man can't peacefully go about his business without somebody sticking his nose into it.

Harken, each young Caruso! It may pay you to do so. For old Mr. Bullfrog is starting a school,

Down beside the rushie pool. Where the water limpid flows, Where the wild black sunbeams grows.

The singing school is going to be Under the shade of a black ash tree, Evening hours from six to nine, Excepting when the moon don't shine.

The price is right I'm sure you'll say. Just three bluebottle flies a day. And when you are through, as sure as water's wet. A nice lily-pad diploma you will get.

Young Iva Howl, son of Mr. and Mrs. Coyote Howl, was apprehended last evening in Farmer Pettigill's henyard, where it is said that he was sucking eggs. He claimed that he had just drunk a pint of milk and wanted to make an omelette.

Mrs. Minnie Fieldmouse is now visiting her niece in the city. She writes that the city life is certainly lively, and that every night they have a wild pantry party with cake, pickles, pie, and cheese galore. Better be careful, Minnie, pickles plus cake equals stomach-ache.

Willie Weasel has decided to re-duce. He states that the other night he got stuck fast while trying to slip between a moon shadow and the old stonewall, and had to wait until the moon set before he could get out.

**WILD FLOWERS IN POETRY**

By Mellor Harthorn

**VIII WINDY POPPY**

A messenger of spring I come To quiet shady dells; A windy flame of beauty, great Utility foretells. My tiny seeds of use to you In cooking, as an oil, In painting, I can dry a thing Quite by my ardent toil. I'm really very delicate So pluck me with great care, But never throw aside my bloom Because I'm truly rare.

**NOTICE**

Will Betty Adams, Dwight Cran-dall and Victor Langford kindly send their addresses to Aunt Dolly. We have checks waiting for them, and cannot mail them, as we have no addresses. Thank you!

**ABSENT MINDED CHAMPIONS**

THE PICTURE HANGER WHO FORGOT.

**Mother Goose Pictures, By Ed Shultz**

Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
To fetch a pail of water;  
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,  
And Jill came tumbling after.  
Then up Jack got and off did trot,  
As fast as he could caper,  
To old Dame Dob, who patched his nob  
With vinegar and brown paper.

Puzzle: Find Jill and old Dame Dob.

**AUNT DOLLY'S OWN DIARY**

March 29th: It is cold today and very dusty. The Hudson River is choppy, and the boats churning through the tiny waves flounder about like a fish in a net.

Just finished a great story on Abraham Lincoln and hope my English teacher likes it. She's so kind to anyone who likes to write, and has done me a world of good.

Had another effort accepted by Wee Wisdom in Kansas. Maybe I'll get there after all, but I wonder why I feel so bashful in school.

I hate to recite, and feel as though everyone is laughing at me. When I graduate, if I ever do, I'm going to work on a newspaper. It must be wonderful fun. Every time I pass the doors of The Herald, I quiver with excitement inside. Just let me loose at one of those desks and I'll surprise the grumpiest editor on earth.

I don't want to do anything but write, write, write. Of course, I love to paint and play the piano, too, but putting words together is lots more fun.

I'm going to have tea at the Plaza with Tildene this afternoon. Will wear my new blue suit and spring hat. Very smart, white straw with a black velvet band.

Everything's upside down at home. Mother still sick; a new doctor today, but he's stupid as the rest of them.

Our cook's leaving, too. Oh, joy, oh, bliss, and Norman's bringing home two friends for dinner. You'll dine on water and bread crumbs if you wait for your kid sister to produce dinner.

New York! What a funny spot you are. Fifth avenue crowded with cabs and motors, giant buildings on all sides, elevated trains roaring and thundering, subways carved through the heart of the earth. How crowded you are; how mixed up everything is!

And just when I was feeling blue this afternoon and longing to get away from everything, who should I meet but my old playmate and pal of years gone by. Last time I saw "Freckles" he was 10 and I was 8—Now I'm 14. We stood and looked at each other in the middle of Columbus avenue like a couple of wooden Indians, then came the old hug, and a million questions.

The insistent barking of Rad, a dog, at Charlemon, Mass., brought rescuers to save a drowning child.

A shetland pony owned by Jeff Kelso of Grant, Neb., shows off by running in circles as long as anybody will watch it.

**STORY STORIES FOR TINY TOTS**

TRUE STORY: By June Weston, Age 13 Years, Bowery

"Oh, dear, will I ever reach the top?" Over and over this question ran through Ruth's little head as she climbed the stairs leading to the attic. They were long stairs, endless, they seemed to the sleepy-eyed child as she trudged wearily upward.

The darkness seemed to press against her, and the dim night light on each floor cast quivering shadows.

"I believe I'll rest awhile," she decided, and then, "No, I must go on. Grandmother said if I climbed to the attic and reached there before midnight I would see the fairies dance."

The child climbed steadily until she arrived on the third floor. Her poor little legs were so tired. It was easy to run up stairs in the daytime, but when it is dark and almost 12 o'clock and you're only 5 years of age, then it takes real courage.

"I think," she murmured doubtfully, "these fairies don't want me to see them dance for these stairs are growing longer and longer. I'm going back. A line of an old song she had heard her grandmother sing came to her mind:

"When things seem hard as They sometimes do, You won't give up if your Blood's true blue."

"Well, I won't give up in spite of everything." The grandfather clock on the first floor struck midnight. Ruth could hear its chimes faintly through the darkness.

"Oh, I'm too late," she exclaimed. The darkness caught up the echoes and flung them back—"Late, late, late."

A flash of light seemed to dart past her, and then another and another, dispelling the darkness with their radiance.

In the morning they found her fast asleep on the old stairway.

"I didn't give up till I had to," she murmured drowsily as they picked her up. "Anyway, when I didn't get there they came to me." And only the old grandmother understood.

**DEDICATED TO AN OLD FIRE PLACE**

By Aurille Jacques, Riverside

You are built of stone and mortar strong. Perhaps you were not made for a thing of beauty, but surely comfort. A welcome sight always, so fear not bad friends. What could be imagined better after a long cold tramp in the woods than your roaring cheering face? In summer you will be swept clean of dust and coal, and silently await the coming of fall with its clear chilly evenings. You will then be a friend and a comfort to man.

Fireplace, hold your name. May you see many winter nights, and listen to the stories told round you, enjoying them as much as the people who enjoy your light and heat.

**THE TRAMP**

By Evelyn G. Haselton, Westwood Hills, Los Angeles

When I say "The Tramp," most of you probably picture a very low, degrading type of person, dressed in rags covered with bright-colored patches, or something of that sort. If you do picture what I have just mentioned, you are mistaken, because I'm not going to tell about that kind of a tramp.

The tramp that I'm going to tell about comes to our back door every day. He barks and barks, till some one appears. Then he sits down and tries to look awfully tired and hungry. The first morning that he came, we let him in—great big thing that he was. We gave him a piece of bread, which he smelled and walked away from, plainly telling us that it was not nice enough for him. We then gave him a bowl of milk. This he lapped up quickly. Having finished the milk, he walked to the door. We had decided that we were going to have another pet. He scratched at the door so we let him out. He slowly strutted down the steps and laid down at the bottom of them. We came back into the house, thinking that after a while the dog would come in. About a half an hour later we went

(Continued on Page 7)

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S RIDDLES**

Answers to riddles by George Ful-ler, Tomoka:

(1) Because it won't come to them.

(2) Head on one side, tail on the other.

(3) The faster you lick it the faster it goes.

Answer to riddle by Adolf Kover, Los Angeles:

(1) Every married person.

Answers to riddles by Kikuko Miyakawa of Sawtelle:

(1) Water.

(2) A moth.

(3) She walked over a bridge carrying a jug of water on her head.

Answer to George Wilson's riddle: Nothing.

**RIDDLE CORNER**

The answer to last week's "hard to guess" riddle by Martha Young of sunny Alabama is: "The chicken mate."

No wonder Uncle Riddle Rhymer chuckled in the sun and just knew the little white children would never solve that hard riddle. Today we have another for you, and it is best to pay strict attention to it, as this is the last of our series.

You remember we promised some very lovely prizes to the boy or girl who solved three riddles correctly, right in a row.

Here's our last confusing riddle: "The good Lord made the crow all black.

Black his tongue, his tail and back. Now, does any child here know What is blacker than the crow?"

Solving this will make Sunday fly by in royal fashion. Put on your thinking cap, curl up in a comfy chair, and who knows but what you may be the lucky child to win a prize.

**JANE'S COOKING CORNER ~ for JUNIORS ~**

Written and illustrated by Jane E. Hall, Manhattan Beach

**HERMITS**

One-half cupful shortening, one cupful sugar, one egg, one-half cupful sour milk, one-half teaspoonful cloves, two teaspoonsful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, one-quarter teaspoonful soda, about one and one-third cupfuls flour, one-half cupful chopped raisins, one-half cupful chopped nuts.

Hermits—that's a queer name for cookies, isn't it? I can't imagine why they're so-called, but I do know that they surely are good, so we'll make some today. Let's go! Get all your supplies out and put them to one side. This saves a lot of time, as you've probably found out by now. Put your apron on, and we're ready to begin. Cream the shortening till it's nice and fluffy, then add the sugar and well-beaten egg. Now, sift all your remaining dry ingredients, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, and soda, with one cupful of flour several times so they will be thoroughly mixed. Do you know why we always use soda with sour milk? Well, it's because the soda counteracts, or neutralizes, the acid in the milk. Add your dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the butter and sugar mixture. Chop up the raisins and nuts and slightly flour them, add to the mixture and stir together. If your batter is not stiff enough now, add the rest of the flour, or enough to make it very stiff, and drop the batter from a spoon into pats about the size of a dollar onto a greased baking sheet or cookie tin. Have the cookies not less than two inches apart to allow for spreading, and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. This recipe will make several dozen Hermits.

**DID YOU COUNT****THE RINGS?**

There were seventy-five rings in Ed Shultz's "Capitol" drawing of last week.



BE

- ON YOUR WAY  
DE PESTER TAKE  
TO BE ENLARGED  
USED IN OUR AD  
LOSE EM, THEY  
WE HAVE - WE

# Mrobot Teen



# BETTY

**By C.A.Voight**

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# GASOLINE ALLEY



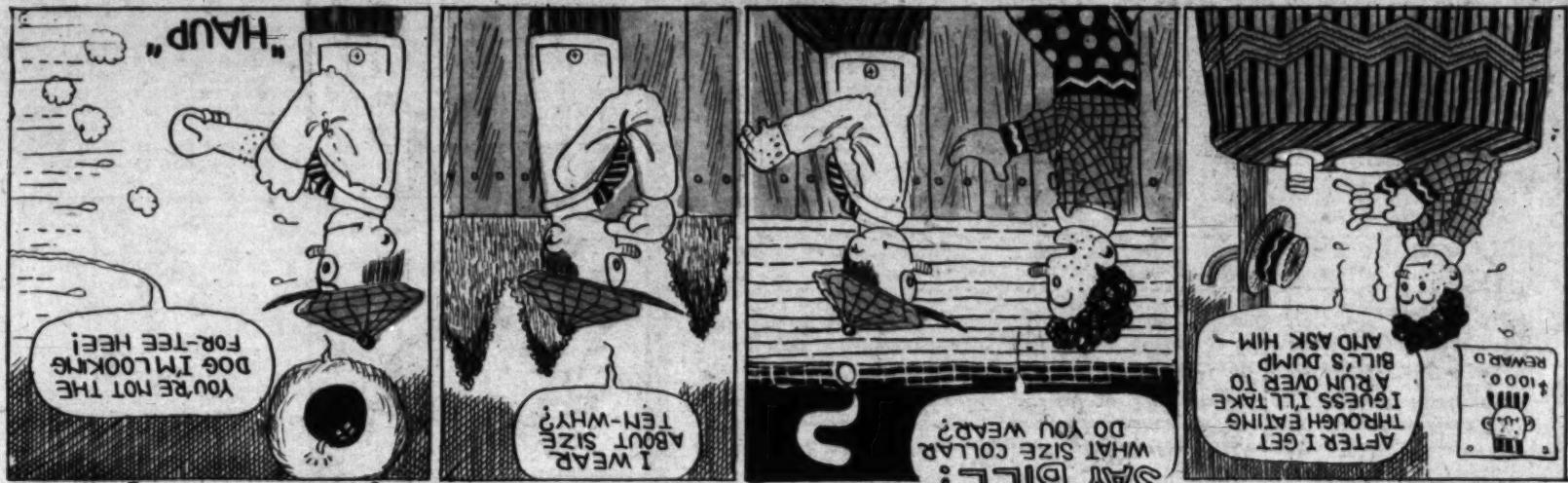
# Cartooning by G. W. MASTERS

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See Page 8 for More Drawings by Times Junior Club Artists



By James Hauptman



BY SCHWETZ



## BIMBO BRUTE



CALQ. ILATE



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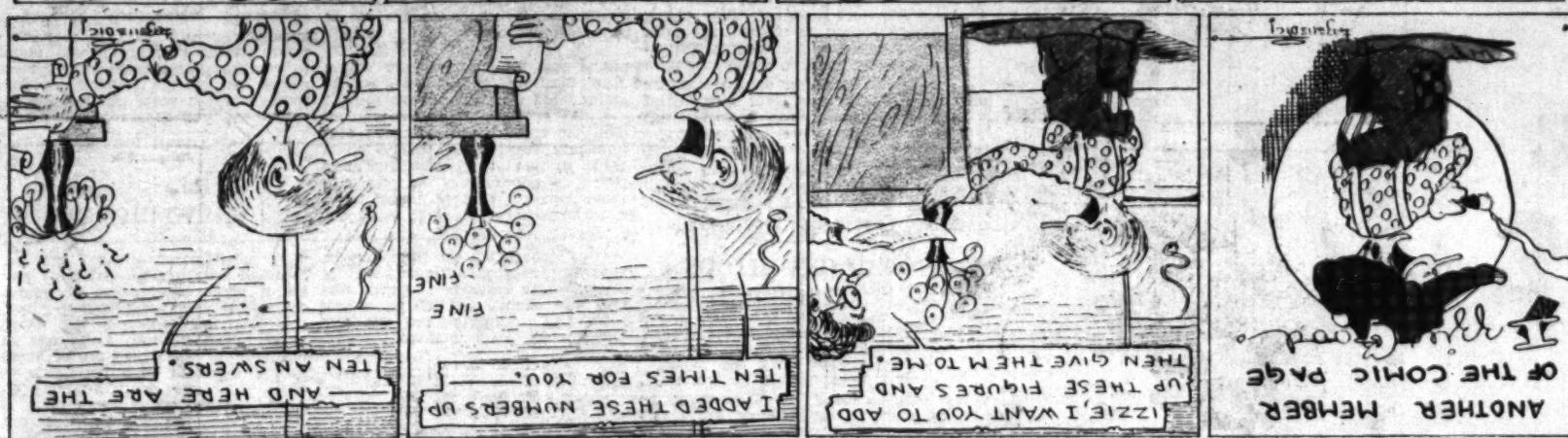
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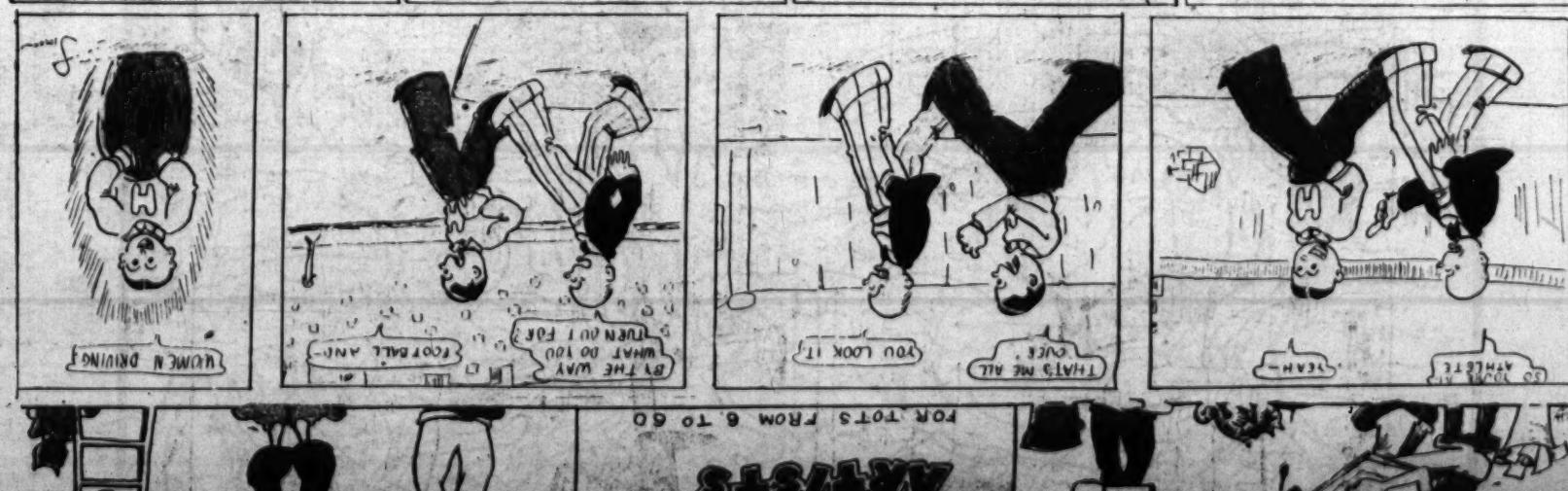
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BY ED BENEDICT



FOR TOTALS FROM 6 TO 60





